

POLICE

10¢

COMICS

FEBRUARY No. 112



"With a blood curdling scream, the victim came hurtling down to meet instant death on the pavement..."

Don't miss-

Ken Shannon

SENSATIONAL
PRIVATE EYE

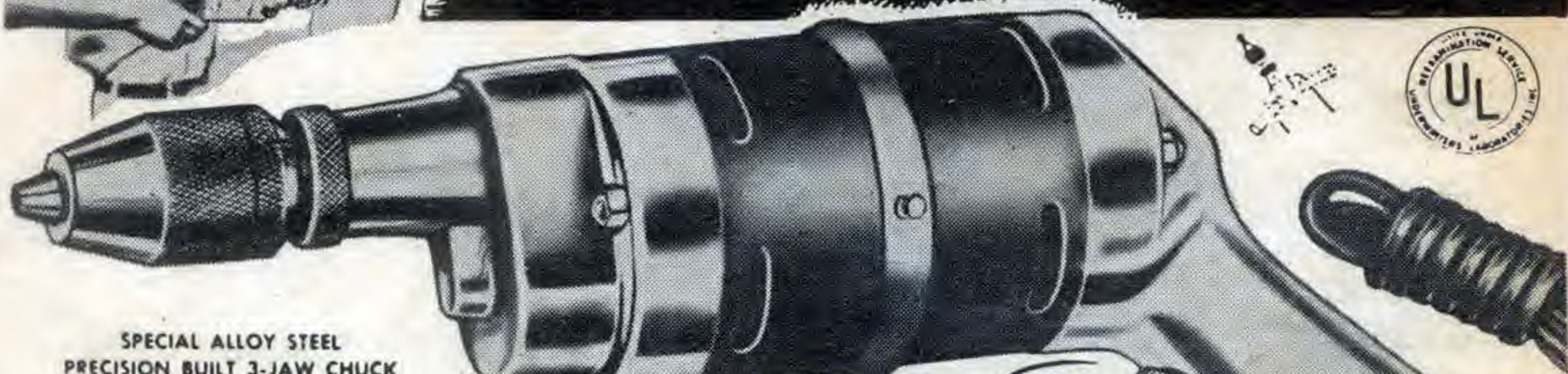
IN
**THE CORPSE on
the SIDEWALK!**

**WEB COMIC
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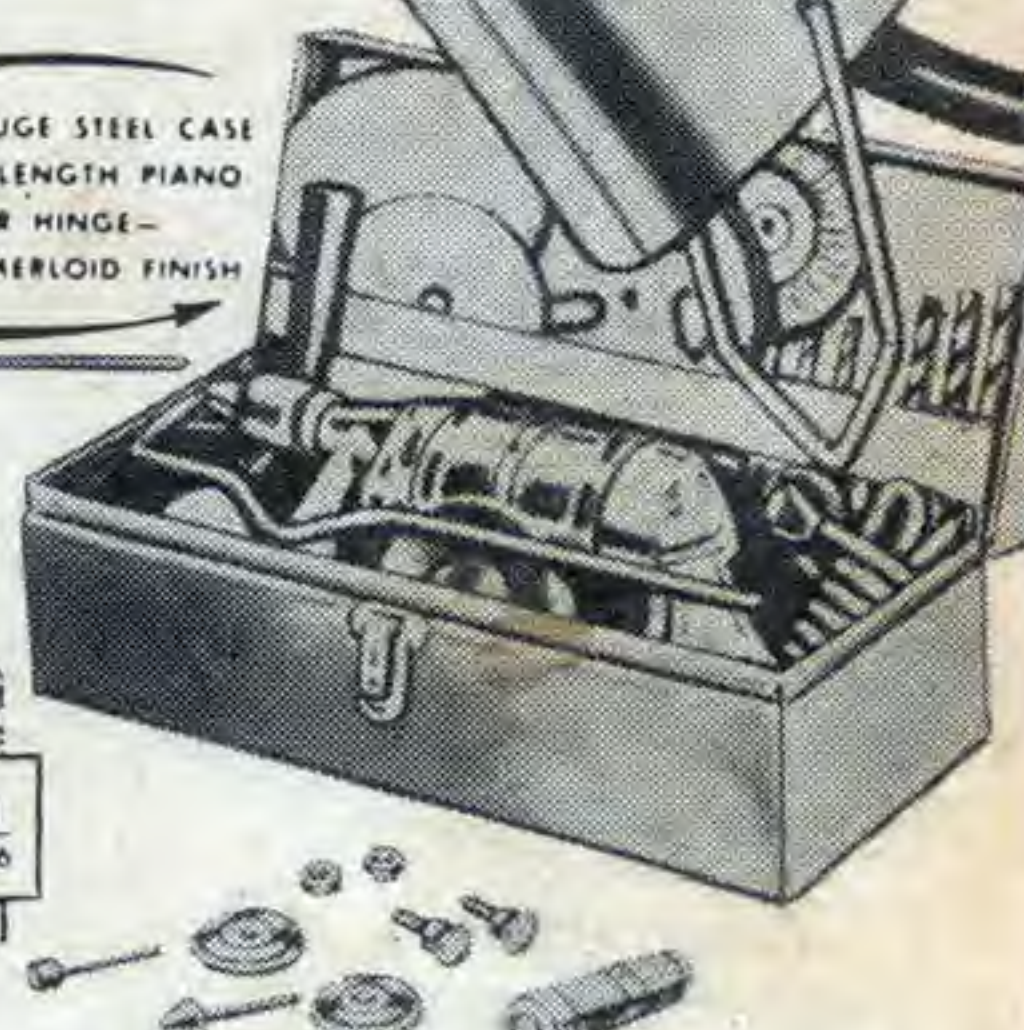
STEEL BENCH STAND INCLUDED
USE AS BENCH OR HAND TOOL

CUTTER-
HAMMER
ON AND OFF
SWITCH

HEAVY GAUGE STEEL CASE
WITH FULL-LENGTH PIANO
TYPE COVER HINGE—
BLUE HAMMERLOID FINISH



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NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN..... STATE.....

KEN SHANNON



EVER HAD A REPRESSED YEN TO DO A HIGH DIVE FROM AN OPEN WINDOW? THEN PLEASE...PUH-LEASE...DON'T TAKE YOUR BUSINESS TO KEN SHANNON, INC.! I'VE HAD MORE THAN ANY PRIVATE EYE'S SHARE OF GINKS WHO WANT TO MAKE LIKE EAGLES, WITHOUT WINGS! AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TWENTY QUAKING MINUTES I SPENT TRYING TO AVOID BECOMING THE NEXT...

CORPSE ON THE SIDEWALK!

STELLA VANCE



A BEAUTIFUL, RICH GAL... WITH A BAD HABIT OF LEAVING HER BEDROOM WINDOW OPEN!

HENRY VANCE



HER HUSBAND, WHO WANTED TO KNOW WHY MEN KEPT FALLING FOR HIS WIFE, AND I MEAN FALLING!

JOSEPH DURKO



THE CHAUFFEUR... HE DIDN'T NEED LESSONS IN HOW TO DRIVE WOMEN CRAZY!

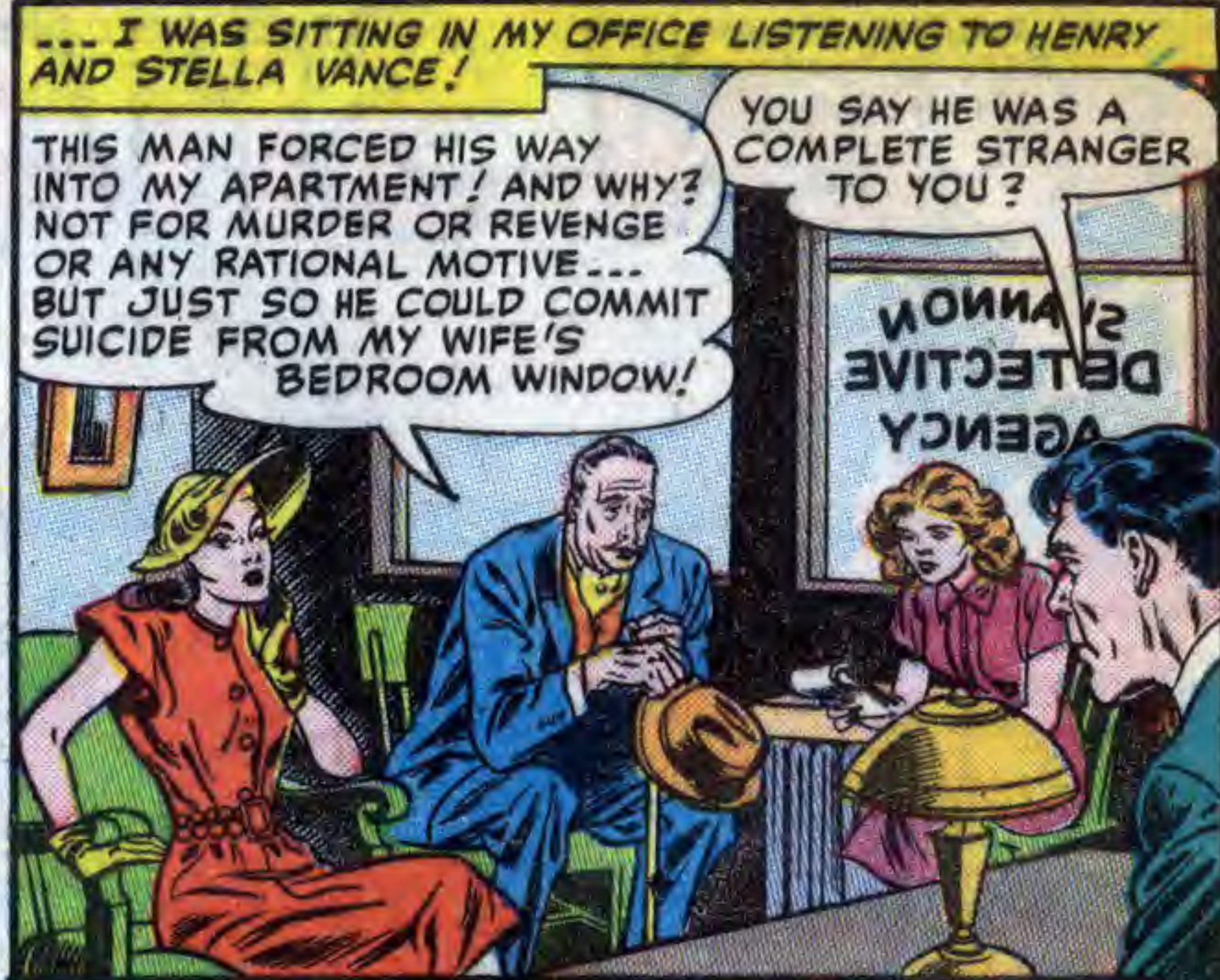
SAMUEL LEEDS



FOR A GUY WHO STARTED THE WHOLE CASE, I DIDN'T SEE MUCH OF HIM!



NATURALLY, I WASN'T THERE WHEN THIS GUY DID HIS HIGH DIVING ACT FROM THE VANCE PENTHOUSE! BUT HE WAS THE REASON THAT A FEW DAYS LATER...



... I WAS SITTING IN MY OFFICE LISTENING TO HENRY AND STELLA VANCE!

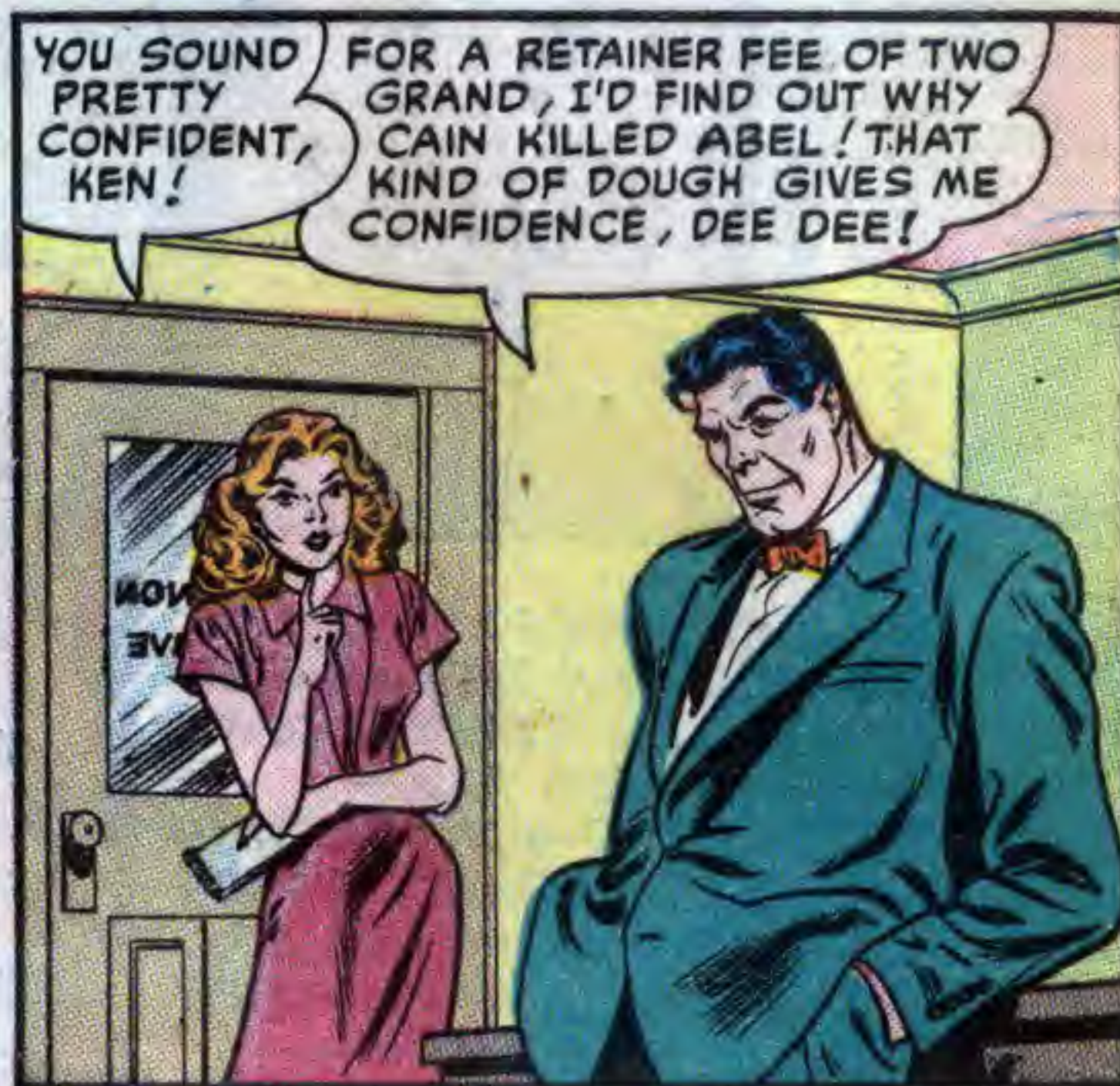
THIS MAN FORCED HIS WAY INTO MY APARTMENT! AND WHY? NOT FOR MURDER OR REVENGE OR ANY RATIONAL MOTIVE... BUT JUST SO HE COULD COMMIT SUICIDE FROM MY WIFE'S BEDROOM WINDOW!

YOU SAY HE WAS A COMPLETE STRANGER TO YOU?



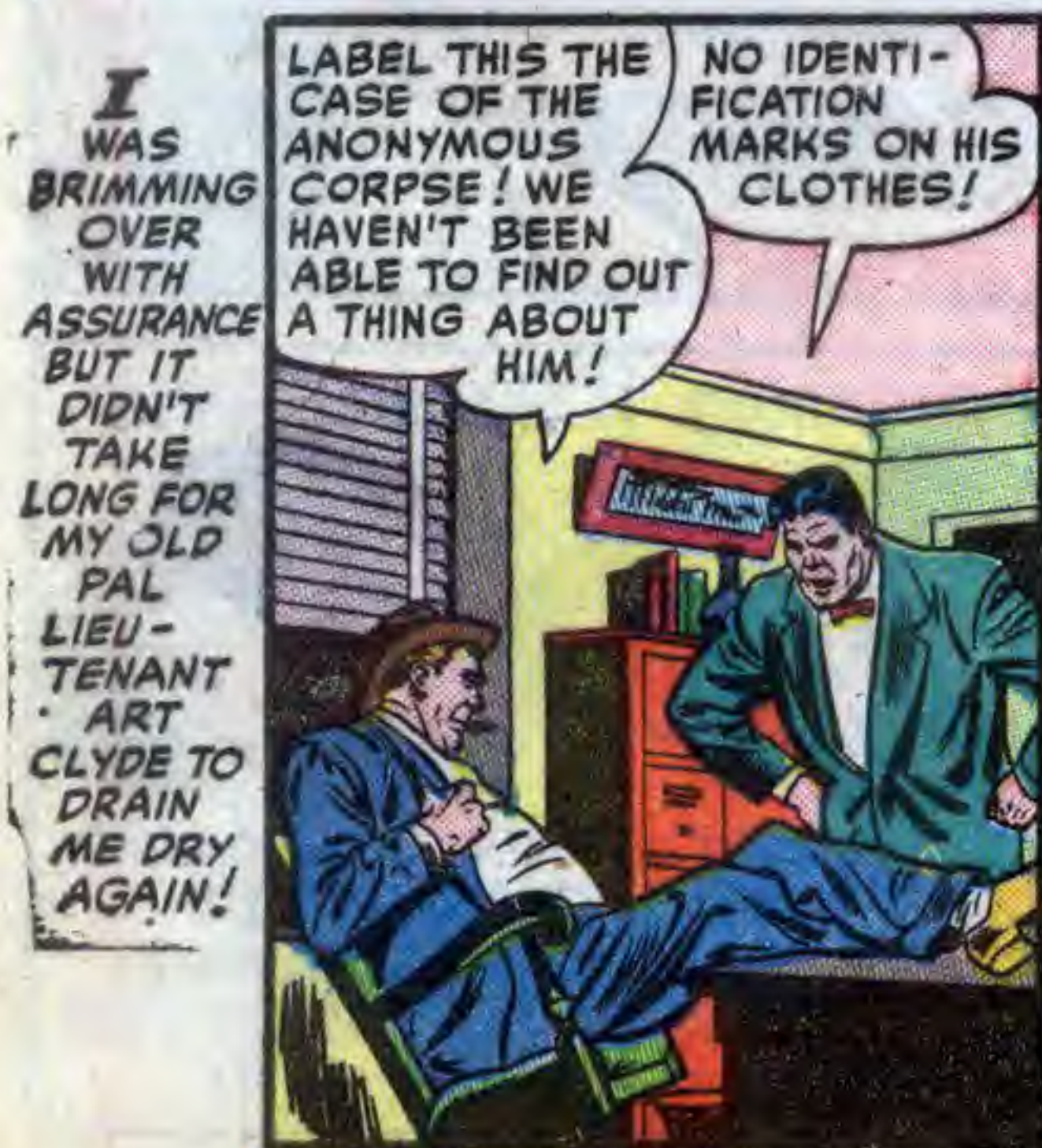
NEITHER MY WIFE NOR I EVER SAW HIM BEFORE! BUT WE'VE BEEN HAUNTED BY HIS DEATH EVER SINCE! I'LL PAY YOU WELL TO FIND OUT EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT THE MAN!

YOU'LL GET A FULL REPORT... RIGHT DOWN TO THE BRAND OF TOOTH-PASTE HE USED EVERY MORNING!



YOU SOUND PRETTY CONFIDENT, KEN!

FOR A RETAINER FEE OF TWO GRAND, I'D FIND OUT WHY CAIN KILLED ABEL! THAT KIND OF DOUGH GIVES ME CONFIDENCE, DEE DEE!



I WAS BRIMMING OVER WITH ASSURANCE BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR MY OLD PAL LIEUTENANT ART CLYDE TO DRAIN ME DRY AGAIN!

LABEL THIS THE CASE OF THE ANONYMOUS CORPSE! WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND OUT A THING ABOUT HIM!

NO IDENTIFICATION MARKS ON HIS CLOTHES!



THE GUY WAS STRIPPED CLEAN! I GUESS HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE SURE NOBODY FOUND OUT WHO HE WAS!

WHEW! THAT CRASH YOU JUST HEARD WAS KEN SHANNON, PRIVATE EYE, RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO A BRICK WALL!

I WAS STUMPED! WITHOUT A CLUE TO THE DEAD MAN'S IDENTITY, I COULDN'T FIND THE HANDLE TO THE CASE! THE NEXT MORNING I WENT TO SEE LIEUTENANT CLYDE AT HEAD-QUARTERS, BUT HE WAS OUT!



CLYDE GOT THE NEWSPAPERS TO PRINT COMPLETE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DEAD MAN! UNLESS THIS TURNS UP HIS NAME, HOW CAN I FIND OUT WHY HE CHECKED OFF THIS PLANET VIA THE VANCE WINDOW?





I STAYED AT HEAD-QUARTERS LONG ENOUGH TO SWIPE A MORGUE PRINT OF THE CORPSE... A PICTURE OF THE DECEASED THAT HIS LANDLADY WAS ABLE TO RECOGNIZE!



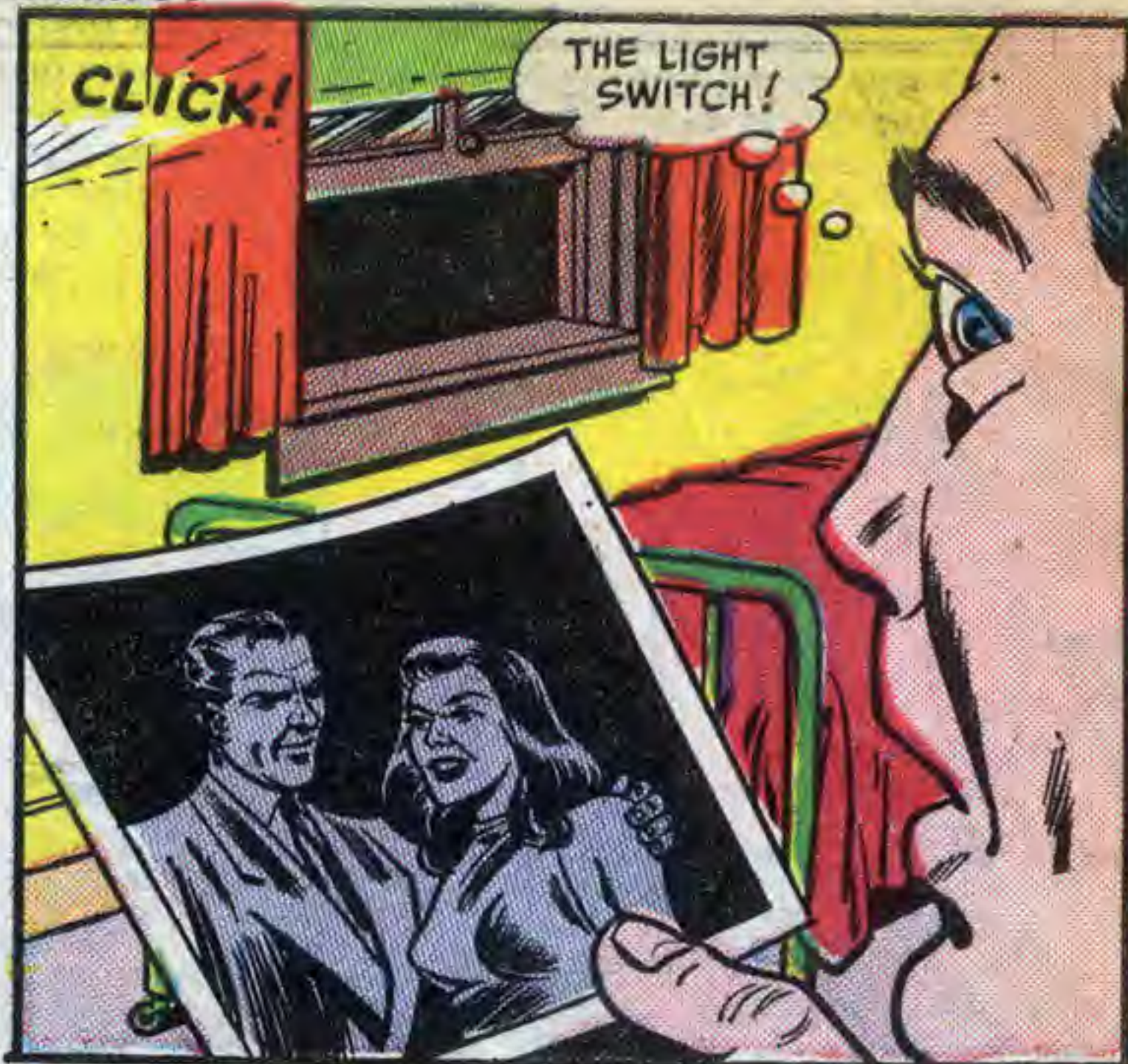
That CHEAP FURNISHED ROOM TOLD ME PLENTY ABOUT SAMUEL LEEDS! JUDGING FROM THE WAY HE LEFT THINGS LYING AROUND, HE WAS USED TO MAID SERVICE IN FANCY HOTELS!





A COUPLE OF PAWN TICKETS---FOR A DIAMOND RING AND AN EXPENSIVE CAMERA! SAMUEL LEEDS USED TO BE LOADED, BUT HE WAS WAY DOWN ON HIS LUCK!

There WAS A LARGE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH, TOO--- BUT JUST AS I GLANCED AT IT I HEARD A SOUND BEHIND ME---



CLICK!

THE LIGHT SWITCH!



OH!!

The NEXT SECOND THE LIGHTS WENT OUT--- OUTSIDE AND INSIDE MY HEAD! BUT I GOT IN ONE GOOD WALLOP---



I HELD ON AS LONG AS I COULD BUT HE KEPT TEEING OFF ON MY NOGGIN WITH THAT BLACKJACK!

BOOTS! HE'S WEARING BOOTS-- WHY--?



AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW---

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



YOU'VE GOT A BUMP ON YOUR HEAD! DID YOU FALL AND HURT YOURSELF?

SOMEBODY RATES AN ASSIST ON THE PLAY! DID YOU SEE ANYBODY ENTER OR LEAVE?



NO! I WAS ALONE IN MY ROOM DOWN-STAIRS! THEN I HEARD A THUMP ON THE CEILING, LIKE SOMEBODY FALLING!

HE WAS WEARING BOOTS! I REMEMBER THAT MUCH!

POLICE COMICS



OBVIOUSLY, THE LANDLADY WAS STARTING TO REGARD ME AS A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER---

THE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH! IT'S GONE!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU ARE FROM THE POLICE, MISTER! YOU DON'T ACT LIKE A POLICEMAN!



I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE! I RUN A RESPECTABLE PLACE HERE! I CAN'T HAVE STRANGERS BARGING IN AND---

I CAN TAKE THE HINT! I'M LEAVING!



INCIDENTALLY, YOU'D BETTER CALL LIEUTENANT CLYDE AT HEAD-QUARTERS AGAIN! THIS TIME YOU MAY HAVE BETTER LUCK!

OH, THEN YOU'RE NOT A POLICEMAN! I KNEW IT!

I COULD SEE TROUBLE AHEAD! LIEUTENANT CLYDE HAD AN OLD FASHIONED PEJUDICE AGAINST PRIVATE DETECTIVES FILCHING LEADS FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! I HEADED BACK FOR THE VANCE PENTHOUSE TO BRING MY CLIENTS UP TO DATE!



---AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY!



SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE BUNGLED THINGS, SHANNON! ALL YOU'VE FOUND OUT IS THE DEAD MAN'S NAME! I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM!

IT NEARLY COST ME A FRACTURED SKULL TO LEARN THIS MUCH!



BUT I'LL KEEP WORKING AT IT! I---

I BEG YOUR PARDON! I CAME TO TELL MRS. VANCE THAT HER CAR WAS READY!



MY, MY! THOSE ARE NICE POLISHED BOOTS YOU'RE WEARING! HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?

I DON'T BELIEVE SO, SIR!



THEN WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BRUISE ON YOUR JAW? FROM BITING ON PEACH PITS?

I'M AFRAID I DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR HUMOR, SIR!

I RESTRAINED A HEALTHY IMPULSE TO BASH THAT SUPERIOR LOOK OFF HIS HANDSOME PUSS! WHEN MRS. VANCE LEFT WITH HIM...



THERE'S NO MISTAKE! THAT'S THE APE I TANGLED WITH UP AT SAMUEL LEEDS' PLACE!

JOSEPH DURKO HAS BEEN WORKING FOR US AS A CHAUFFEUR FOR OVER A YEAR! HE CAME WITH THE HIGHEST REFERENCES!



I'M NOT BUYING IT, MR. VANCE! DURKO IS THE CHARACTER WHO SLUGGED ME AND MADE OFF WITH THAT FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHY!

YOU'LL BE WASTING YOUR TIME AND MY MONEY!



I'M PAYING YOU TO FIND OUT WHY A MAN NAMED SAMUEL LEEDS CHOSE TO KILL HIMSELF FROM THE WINDOW OF MY PENTHOUSE! I SUGGEST YOU CONCENTRATE ON THAT JOB!

MAYBE THERE'S A CONNECTION, MR. VANCE! I'VE GOT TO HANDLE THIS CASE MY WAY!



I COULD TELL HENRY VANCE WAS ANNOYED! HE WASN'T USED TO HAVING HIS ORDERS DISOBEYED! BUT, LATER IN MY OFFICE, DEE DEE PROVED I WAS RIGHT!

THERE'S THE CLIPPINGS YOU ASKED FOR! YOUR JOSEPH DURKO HAS A POLICE RECORD LONGER THAN AN EEL'S BACKBONE!

HMM! THIS SHOULD MAKE ENLIGHTENING READING FOR HENRY VANCE!



AREN'T YOU GOING TO ANSWER THE PHONE?

IT'S PROBABLY A CERTAIN POLICE LIEUTENANT READY TO CHEW OFF A PIECE OF MY EAR!



BUT I WAS WRONG! IT WAS MR. MONEYBAGS HIMSELF...! MY DEARLY BELOVED CLIENT! AND HE WAS BEARING ILL TIDINGS!

BUT...

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, SHANNON! YOU'RE OFF THIS CASE... AS OF THIS MOMENT!

POLICE COMICS



HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE POMEGRANATES? VANCE CALLED UP TO FIRE ME!

I GUESS HE DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY YOU TALKED BACK ABOUT HIS PET CHAUFFEUR!



HE SOUNDED AWFULLY UPSET, IF THAT WAS HIS ONLY REASON! I WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

MIND IF I TAG ALONG? I LOVE FIREWORKS!

I WAS DOING A SLOW BURN BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED OUTSIDE VANCE'S BUILDING! WHAT RIGHT DID HE HAVE TO FIRE ME... WHEN HE'D BEEN SO WRONG ABOUT DURKO?



LET'S GO, HONEY!

KEN! LOOK!



AS I LOOKED SKYWARD, I FELT MY OWN VOICE STRANGLE SOMEWHERE IN MY LARYNX!

HE - HE'S FALLING!



THIS WAY, DEE DEE! QUICK!



PLOP!

UHHH! LUCKY FOR DEE DEE SHE PASSED OUT! THAT'S ONE SOUND I'LL NEVER FORGET!

I DEPOSITED AN UN-CONSCIOUS DEE DEE BACK IN THE CAR AND NERVED MYSELF FOR A CLOSER LOOK! IT WAS HENRY VANCE, ALL RIGHT!



HE TOOK OFF WITHOUT A PARACHUTE! BUT HE JUST WASN'T THE TYPE TO TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT!



THAT MEANS SOMEBODY PUSHED HIM! I MAY HAVE JUST LOST A CLIENT, BUT I'M BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN!

I WENT STRAIGHT UP TO THE VANCE PENTHOUSE! THE DOOR WAS OPEN, AND I WENT IN WITHOUT KNOCKING! THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO CATCH PEOPLE OFF GUARD!



I EXPECTED TO FIND YOU BROKEN UP ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH, MRS. VANCE! BUT I SEE YOU FOUND READY CONSOLATION!

OH! OH!

PRETTY SMART, AREN'T YOU, SHERLOCK?

NOPE! PRETTY DUMB! I SHOULD HAVE STARTED PIECING TOGETHER THE JIGSAW BEFORE THIS! YOU BOTH OVERPOWERED HENRY VANCE AND TOSSED HIM OUT OF THE WINDOW!



YOU PLANNED ALL ALONG TO BUMP HIM OFF, AND LIVE OFF HIS DOUGH THE REST OF YOUR LIVES! BUT HE FORCED YOUR HAND! WHEN I TIPPED HIM OFF TO YOU, HE BEGAN TO FIGURE OUT THE SET-UP FOR HIMSELF!



YOU'RE GRABBING AT AIR, SHERLOCK! YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!

THE JIGSAW'S FALLING INTO PLACE! STELLA VANCE WAS THE WOMAN IN THE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH WITH SAM LEEDS! ONLY HER HAIR WAS DARKER THEN!



SAMUEL LEEDS DIDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE! YOU MURDERED HIM! HE WAS YOUR BOY FRIEND BEFORE DURKO CAME ALONG AND HE KNEW ABOUT THIS WHOLE CAPER! WHEN HE TRIED TO DEAL HIMSELF IN, YOU DEALT HIM OUT... THE WINDOW!



IT'S AN OLD, SORDID STORY! GOOD LOOKING YOUNG GAL MARRIES RICH OLD MAN FOR HIS DOUGH! THEN SHE AND HER REAL FLAME FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET THE OLD MAN'S DOUGH AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER! BUT SAMUEL LEEDS WAS THE ONE FLY IN THE OINTMENT!



WHEN HE CAME HERE, YOU SLUGGED HIM AND SENT HIM KITING OUT THE WINDOW! YOU FIGURED TO BRAZEN IT OUT BY SAYING YOU'D NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!

YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH, SHERLOCK!



YOU JUST TALKED YOURSELF INTO AN EARLY GRAVE!



POLICE COMICS



I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO RUB THE TINGLE OUT OF MY KNUCKLES BEFORE I HEARD STELLA'S VOICE, COLD WITH MENACE!

START MOVING TO THE WINDOW, MR. SHANNON! OR I'LL BE FORCED TO BLOW A HOLE THROUGH YOUR BIG, BROAD BACK!



I KEPT HOPING FOR SOME KIND OF BREAK, BUT THAT DAME WAS PLAYING IT SAFE!

WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?

KEEP GOING! YOU'LL LIKE THE VIEW... ON THE WAY DOWN!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! NOBODY'S GOING TO BELIEVE THREE GUYS DID A HEADER FROM THIS SAME APARTMENT!

LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT, MR. SHANNON! I'M SURE I CAN THINK OF SOME EXPLANATION! BUT IF NOBODY BELIEVES ME, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PROVE I'M LYING TO A JUDGE AND JURY!



I'D JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP HOPE WHEN...

IT'S OKAY, KEN! SHE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HER!

DEE DEE!



SHE'D MARKED ME AS THE NEXT VICTIM FOR SKY-HIGH SLAUGHTER! I COULD KISS YOU FOR SHOWING UP WHEN YOU DID!

WHO'S OFFERING RESISTANCE?



WELL, THE CASE WAS WOUND UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE AND I COULD EVEN FACE LIEUTENANT ART CLYDE AGAIN! SO-O... A GUY IS ENTITLED TO SOME RELAXATION... AND THERE ARE THINGS THAT EVEN A TOUGH PRIVATE EYE LIKES TO KEEP PRIVATE! GET ME?



Inspector DENVER



MURDER IS ROUTINE BUSINESS TO INSPECTOR MARTY DENVER MOST OF THE TIME! BUT IT LOOKED AS IF HE'D BE THE NEXT STIFF ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE WHEN HE TRIED TO TRACK DOWN A KILLER BY CHANGING PLACES WITH A CORPSE AND FAKING A...

DEAD MAN'S RETURN!

A BEACH BUZZES WITH EXCITEMENT IN THE SUMMER! BUT WHEN THE WEATHER GETS COOL, IT'S DESERTED AND DEADLY! OVER MILES OF SAND THAT SKIRTED THE OCEAN COULD BE SEEN BUT ONE FIGURE...



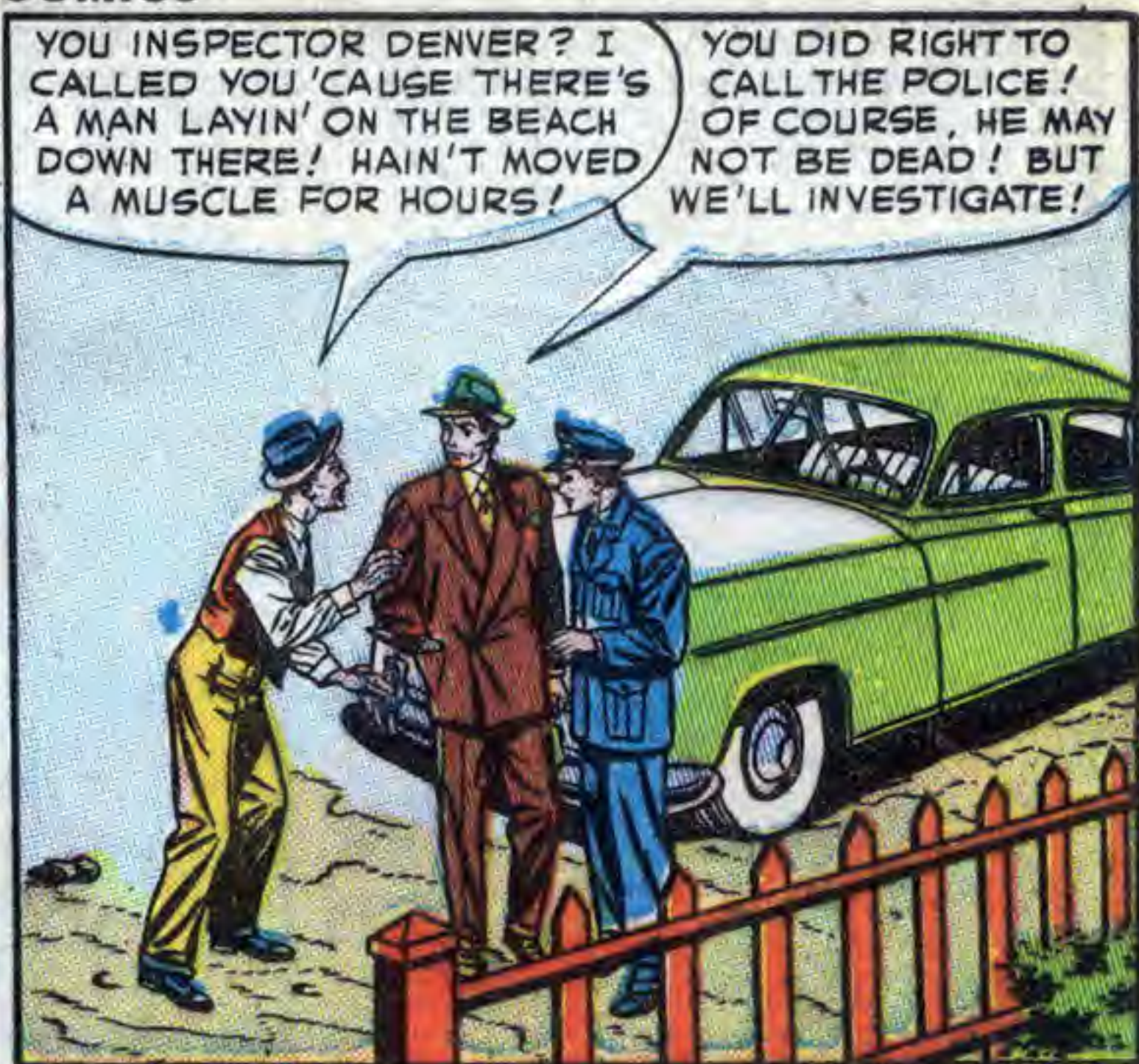
...AND THAT SEEMED LIKE A CASE FOR HOMICIDE!

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, CASSIDY! THE MAN WHO CALLED SAID HE'D MEET US AT THE GATE!

BROTHER! WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO LIVE IN AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT LIKE THIS?



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



WOW! THIS IS A CASE FOR HOMICIDE, ALL RIGHT! THE GUY'S DEAD AS A DOORNAIL!

YEAH! GOT WHACKED ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD SO HARD HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!

MURDER! THE BACK OF HIS SKULL'S BASHED IN! SOMEBODY SOCKED HIM HARD!



ONLY WHERE DID THE SOMEBODY COME FROM? THERE'S A SINGLE SET OF TRACKS IN THE SAND AND THEY'RE HIS! AND THE TIDE DOESN'T COME UP THIS FAR TO WASH ANY AWAY!

GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT!

A BULLET WOULD BE EASY TO FIGURE OR EVEN A KNIFE COULD BE THROWN FROM A DISTANCE! BUT A BLOW LIKE THAT HAD TO BE DEALT DIRECTLY!



CALL THE CORONER AND THE WAGON! I'LL STAY HERE AND TRY TO PICK UP SOME CLUES!

LOOKS LIKE DEAD END TO ME, MARTY! BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY COME THROUGH! YOU USUALLY DO!



BUT THERE IS NO CLUE UNTIL...

FINGERPRINT BUREAU! WE'VE IDENTIFIED THE STIFF! LOU BRODY, THE GANGSTER WHO WAS READY TO SQUEAL AND THEN JUMPED BAIL!

THE ONE WHO WAS INVOLVED IN THE RECENT ROBBERY AND MURDER CASE? THANKS! NOW I HAVE SOMETHING TO WORK ON!



LOU BRODY! EVERYBODY KNEW HE WAS A STOOGES TO A BIG-SHOT RACKETEER!

SURE! AND THE COMMISSIONER'S GOING NUTS, TRYING TO LOCATE THE LEADER!

YOU THINK THE TOP GUN BUMPED BRODY OFF TO KEEP HIM FROM SPILLING? AND YOU HAVE A PLAN TO PRESENT TO THE COMMISSIONER?



RIGHT, CASSIDY!



POLICE COMICS



A FEW MINUTES AT THE MORGUE AND THEN...



POLICE COMICS

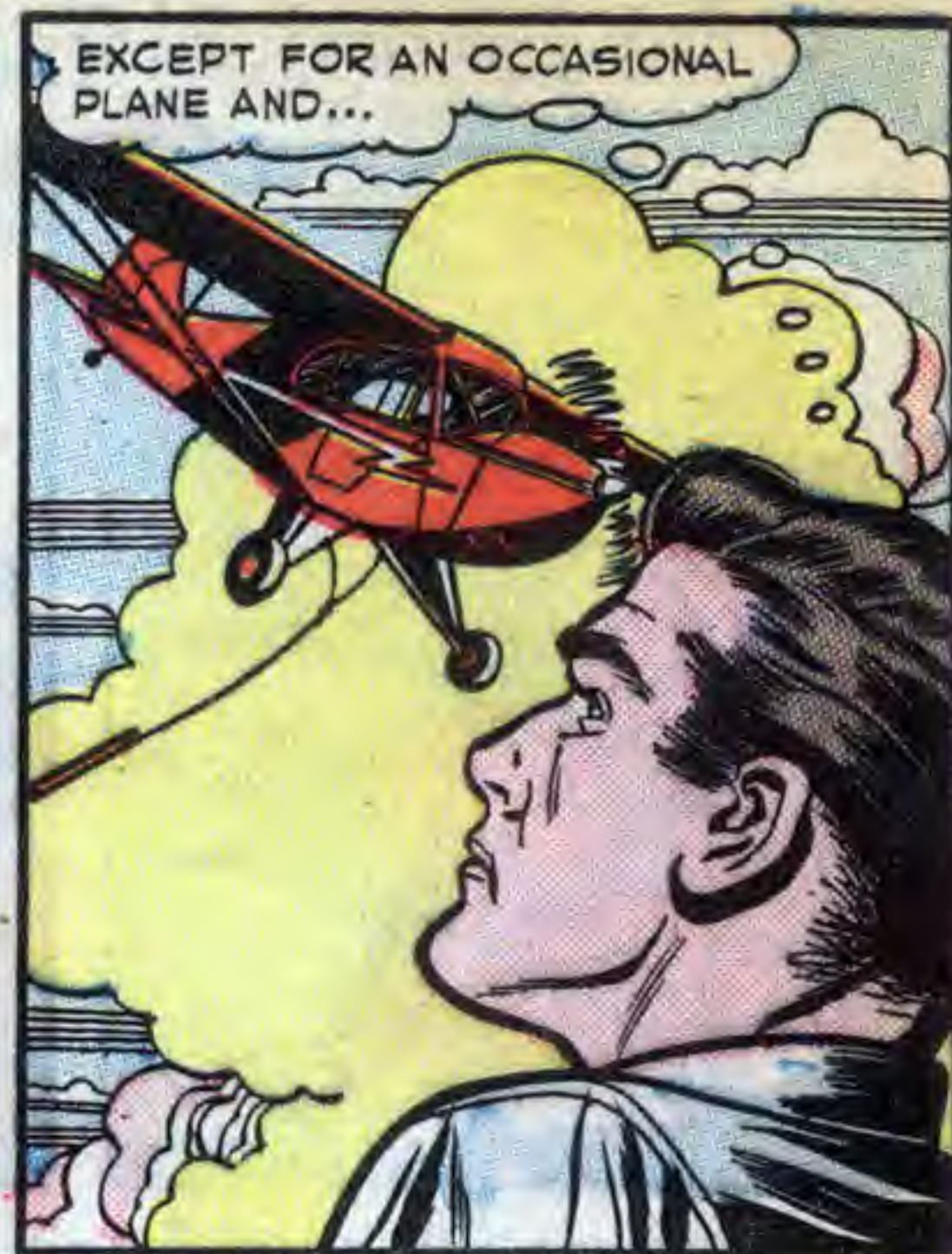


COPS LIKE US HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE, CASSIDY!

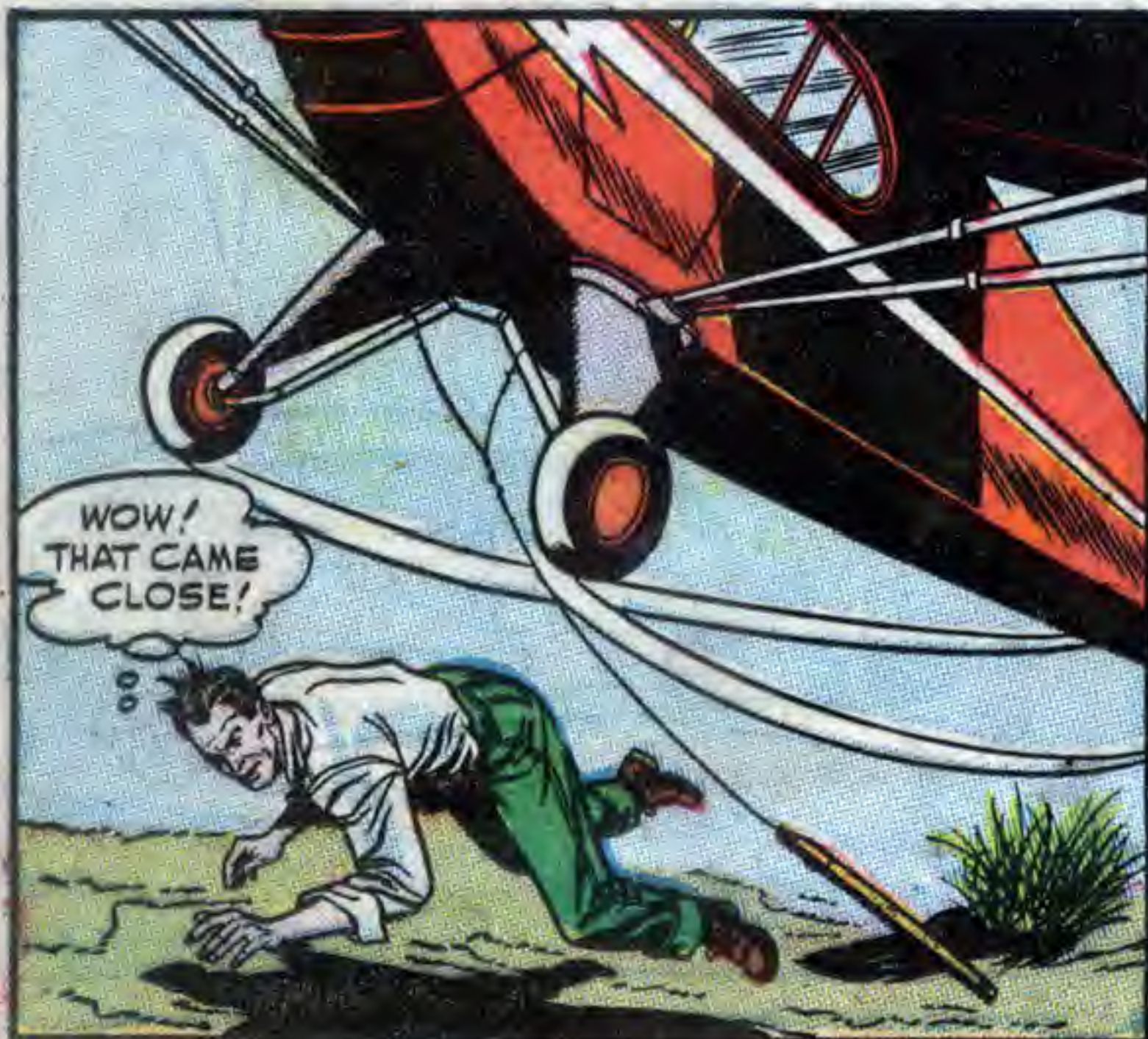
BUT NOBODY HAS TO GET BUMPED OFF JUST TO PROVE HE'S GOT AN EXTRA GOOD BRAIN WHICH I'M NOT SURE ABOUT IN YOUR CASE!



LOU BRODY MUST HAVE LIVED A LONESOME LIFE! WALKING THE BEACH CAN GET PRETTY MONOTONOUS!



EXCEPT FOR AN OCCASIONAL PLANE AND...



WOW! THAT CAME CLOSE!



MARTY, ARE YOU OKAY?

FINE! I KNOW NOW WHAT BASHED IN BRODY'S HEAD! THAT PLANE FLYING LOW WITH AN IRON BAR UNDER IT! IT COULD TAKE A GUY'S HEAD OFF!



WELL, NOW YOU KNOW HOW THE MURDER WAS DONE! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I GOT THE NUMBER OF THE PLANE! SO I'LL CHECK WITH THE AERONAUTICAL BUREAU! BUT FIRST, I THINK I'LL CHECK WITH BART SEELEY! THAT BOY HAS HIS WITS ABOUT HIM AND MAYBE HE CAN HELP US!



THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED FROM THE SKIES! PLANE 4XC25! WE'LL TRACE IT IF WE CAN!

BUT CAGEY GUYS HAVE WAYS OF COVERING UP NUMBERS, MARTY! IT MAY NOT MEAN A THING!

POLICE COMICS



T-MAN

AS A RULE A T-MAN FIGHTS HIS BATTLES BEHIND THE SCENES... MATCHING WITS AND WEAPONS WITH RUTHLESS ENEMY AGENTS IN THE SHADOWS OF ANY CITY! BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT! MY OBJECTIVE WAS VITAL... AND IT JUST HAPPENED TO LIE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES IN NORTH KOREA WHERE I WENT TO FIND...
THE DOCTOR OF DESTRUCTION!



THIS STORY BEGAN... SO I FOUND OUT LATER... JUST ABOVE THE 38TH PARALLEL WHERE A SQUAD OF GIs WERE DUG IN NEAR PYONG BOO...

SO HERE WE ARE! NOW WHAT?

WE SIT TIGHT AND SHOOT GOOKS UNTIL THE OUTFIT CATCHES UP!



SUDDENLY AN ENEMY TANK CAME THUNDERING OVER THE RIDGE AND OPENED FIRE TOWARD THE REAR!

GET THE BAZOOKA BURPING! THEY'RE HITTING OUR SUPPLY COLUMN!



IT WAS A CORPORAL PETERSON FROM MINNESOTA WHO COOLLY STOOD UP AND MADE THE KILL!

YUH GOT HIM, SWEDE! YAHOO!



POLICE COMICS

UP TO THIS POINT IT WAS S.O.P. AS THEY SAY IN THE ARMY... STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE!



COME ON! SOME OF THE CREW MAY BE ALIVE!

WATCH IT! THOSE RATS ARE TRICKY!



EEOWW! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

YOU MEAN WHAT YOU DON'T SEE!

Then suddenly it wasn't... and that became the most important piece of scrap iron in Korea!



HQ HAS TO HEAR ABOUT THIS AT ONCE! MURPHY GET BACK TO THE C.P. AND PHONE IN! WE'LL STAND GUARD HERE!

THEY'LL THINK I'M DRUNK, CORPORAL, BUT I'LL TELL 'EM!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER I WAS IN THE DAI ICHI BUILDING IN TOKYO, GETTING THE STORY FROM OUR FIELD CHIEF, DOLSON!



THE REDS MADE THREE SUICIDAL CHARGES TO RECOVER THAT TANK BUT WE DROVE THEM BACK AND GOT IT AWAY!

OKAY! SO WHAT WAS IN IT? A DRIVER WITH TWO HEADS?



THERE WASN'T ANYBODY IN IT! JUST A TANGLED MESS OF COILS AND WIRES AND SMASHED TUBES!

A RADIO-CONTROLLED TANK? UH-OH! BUT WAIT A MINUTE!



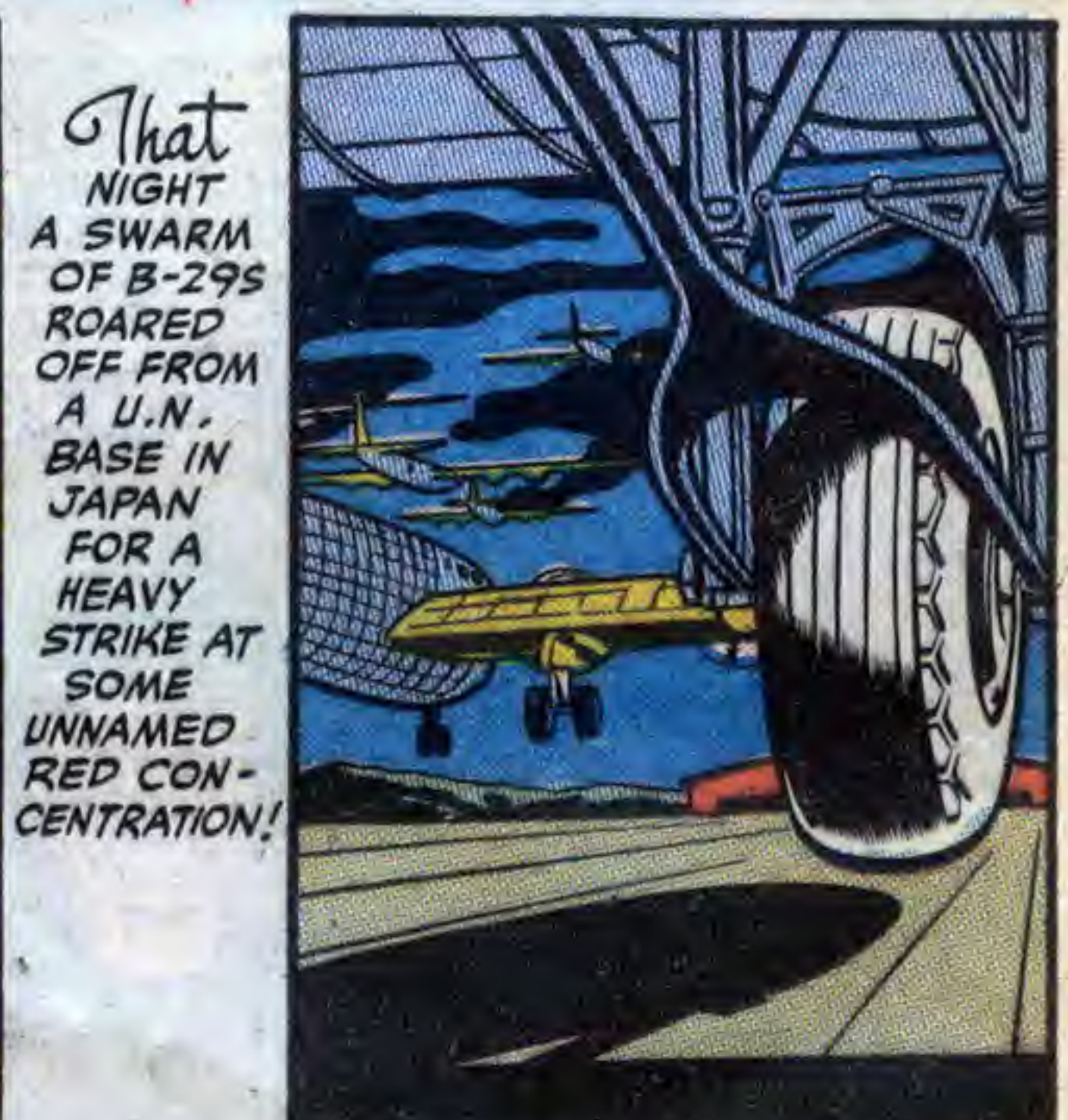
YOU SAID THEIR GUN WAS HITTING OUR TRUCKS! HOW WAS IT AIMED?

THAT, DEAR BOY, IS THE POINT! WHEN WE CAN ANSWER THAT ONE, WE'LL ALL SLEEP BETTER AT NIGHT!



SO WHAT DO I DO? STROLL OVER AND ASK THE REDS TO EXPLAIN IT?

NOT QUITE, PETE! YOU STROLL OVER AND BRING BACK THE INVENTOR TO DO THE EXPLAINING!



A SINGLE PLANE, FLYING NEAR THAT FARM, WOULD HAVE TIPPED THE REDS! A BOMBER SQUADRON PASSING OVER, COVERED OUR PLAN BETTER!



POLICE COMICS

I WAS ALMOST DOWN WHEN THE MOON BROKE THROUGH... AND THERE WAS A RED SENTRY RIGHT UNDER ME!

I'LL LAND SQUARE IN FRONT OF HIM AND IT'LL BE GOODBYE PETE TRASK! AND ONE YELL WILL BRING THE WHOLE RED ARMY OUT HERE!



There WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I SLID OUT OF MY CHUTE HARNESS AND LET GO --- AND JUST THEN THE GOOK LOOKED UP!

IF YOU'RE AS SCARED AS I AM, BUSTER, YOU CAN'T YELL!

AIEEE!



OW WOOF!

I'LL BET HE FEELS THIS CLEAR BACK TO HIS ANCESTORS!



THE GOOK WAS OUT FOR KEEPS! I "LIBERATED" HIS TOMMYGUN AND HID MY CHUTE UNDER SOME SCRAWNY BRUSH!

THE FARM IS JUST OVER THAT RIDGE! BUT I'LL BET THEY'VE GOT GUARDS AROUND IT THREE-DEEP!



NOW WHAT? THIS GROUND IS LOOSE SHALE! A MOUSE WOULD MAKE A NOISE TRYING TO SLIP PAST THOSE BABIES!



ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU, BUD, AND I'LL BE SORRY!

AGHHH- UGHHH!

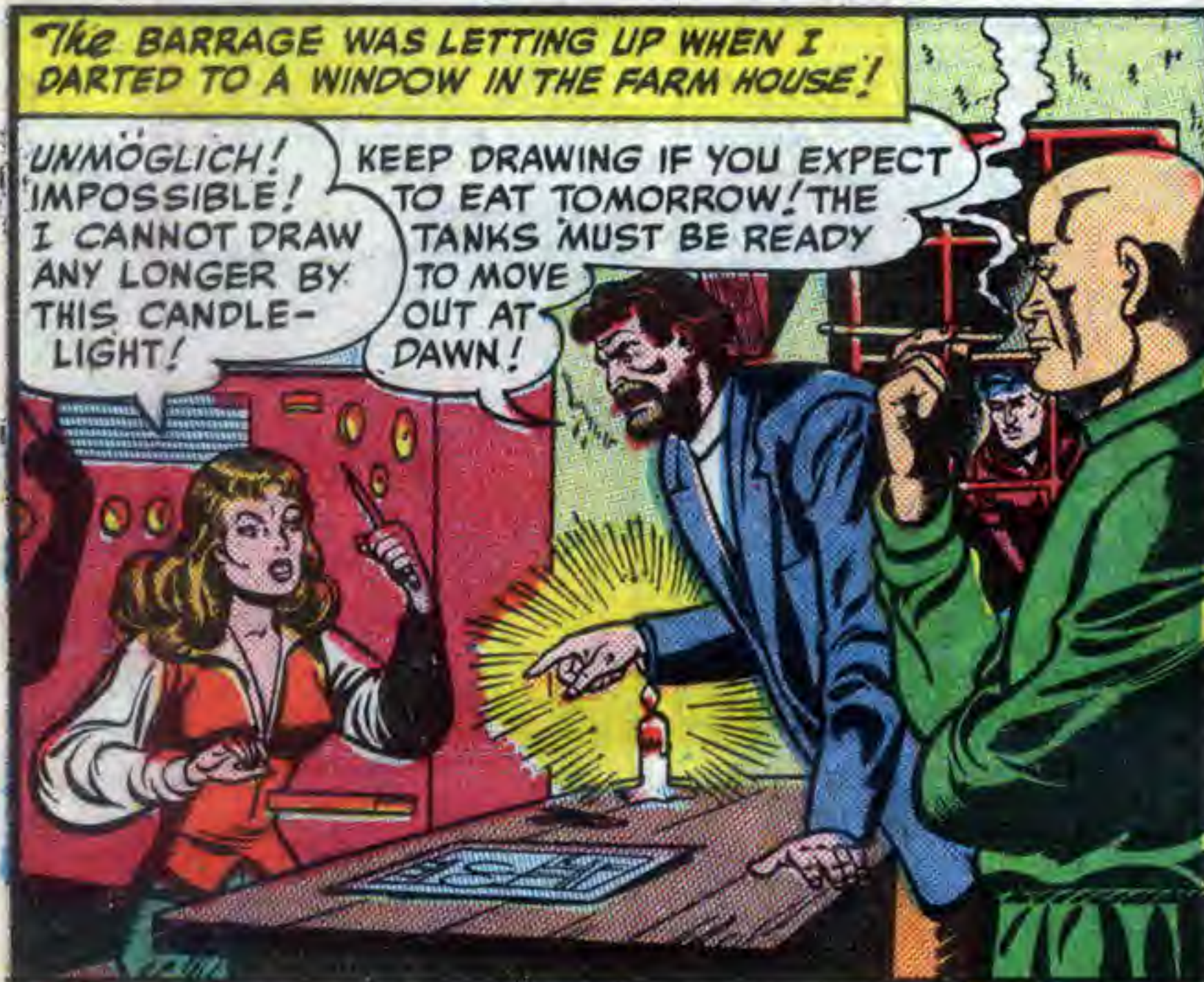
THE GUARDS SEPARATED ON THEIR ROUNDS! ONE OF THEM STARTED RIGHT PAST MY HIDING PLACE... AND WENT OUT OF BUSINESS!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUR FRONT LINES, A ROCKET BATTERY LET GO A SALVO AT SOME HILLSIDE JUST BEYOND THE FARM!

EEEOWW! SO THAT'S WHAT THE CHIEF MEANT BY FULL ARMY COOPERATION!







Then
THE
COLONEL
GOT OFF
A WILD
SHOT...
AND ANY
HOPE OF
SECRECY
WAS GONE
WITH THE
WIND!



POLICE COMICS



PICT-O-CRIME

THE CRIME WAS MURDER! BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES LONG TO FIND THE CLUE! HE SPOTTED THE KILLER! CAN YOU?

SURE YOU TOLD ME THE WHOLE STORY, MRS. GRAHAM?

YES! BILL STAGGERED IN THE FRONT DOOR AND SAID HE'D BEEN SHOT AND FELL ON THE FLOOR! THAT'S WHEN I CALLED YOU!



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO DID IT? DID YOU HAVE ANY OLD ADMIRERS?

YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH, DETECTIVE SYKES, TO KNOW I'VE HAD PLENTY! AN OLD BOY FRIEND THREATENED MY HUSBAND! AND MY NAME'S BEEN LINKED WITH ANOTHER IN THE GOSSIP COLUMNS!



I SUPPOSE EITHER ONE COULD BE A SUSPECT. YOU SAY HE WAS SHOT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? DON'T YOU THINK I'M GRIEVED ENOUGH WITHOUT HAVING TO KEEP ON REPEATING?



I'M SURE YOU MUST BE! AND I SEE NOW WHERE THE BULLET WENT THROUGH YOUR HUSBAND'S SUIT COAT NEAR HIS HEART!

IT'S AWFUL! I'LL GIVE YOU THE NAMES OF THE TWO MEN WHO WANTED TO GET RID OF BILL!



THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! I KNOW NOW THAT YOU WERE THE ONE WHO KILLED YOUR HUSBAND!

NO! YOU'RE LYING!



NO, MRS. GRAHAM! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S LYING! LIKE ALL PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY CAN GET BY WITH CRIME, YOU MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE!



WHAT WAS THAT MISTAKE? DID YOU FIND IT? TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE TO FIND OUT WHY ALAN SYKES ARRESTED MRS. GRAHAM FOR THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND!

Crime *in the* Carnival

HURRY, hurry, hurry," screamed the barker. "See Slim, the living skeleton! Eva, the bearded lady! Maxie, the midget! And the BIGGEST attraction of them all, Fago the fat man! Five hundred pounds of lively entertainment!"

Fago waddled onto the sideshow platform. It was not because he was better than the others that he was given top billing in the show. It was because he demanded it. And he demanded plenty of money too. Fago had found a way to get wealthy. It was by blackmail, for he had seen what went on when Corey's partner had disappeared mysteriously. He knew that Corey was guilty of murder, so Corey kept paying off.

That night, after he had put on his last song and dance act, Fago made his way to Corey's wagon. "I need another five grand," he grinned.

"I can't do it," Corey protested. "Look, Fago, you're carrying this thing entirely too far!"

"And I can carry it farther," smirked the fat man. "To the police, for instance!"

"Yeah," scowled Corey. Then forcing a friendly smile, he added, "Why don't we have a cooling drink together and talk this thing over?"

"Suits me," smiled Fago, plunking his five hundred pounds upon a pile of boards which were near.

He didn't know the bitterness that had been growing in Corey's mind. It never occurred to him that the tall drink was anything more than lemonade. But in it was poison! The fat man lay doubled over with pain as the outfit pulled up stakes and moved on. He was in the shadows at the back of the lot where no one saw or heard him. No one but Corey.

Fago found himself deserted and knew that Corey meant for him to die. But it takes a lot of poison to kill a man of such huge proportions and by the next day he was able to drag himself to a cheap boarding house and he had plenty of money to pay well in advance. He would never have to worry about money! The only thing he would work for now would be revenge.

Fago could have called the cops and told them the whole story, but Corey would be brought in then and spill, too, and Fago would find himself in prison on a blackmail rap.

"No," gasped Fago, lying in his dingy room and writhing with pain, "I'll have to handle this in my own way!"

Two years passed. Two dreadful years in which the fat man suffered so severely from the effects of the poison that he dwindled down to almost a fifth of his former weight. He read in the papers when Corey's Carnival had come and gone. On its second round, he figured it was time for action.

There is always room for another roustabout with a carney. Fago applied for a job and got it and then

edged uneasily around the freak tent to see if his former friends would recognize him. Slim and Eva and Maxie passed by and didn't know that he was Fago. His name was changed and his appearance was changed but the grim hatred of Corey still existed and had grown greater as time had passed. And another thing which remained of his fat man days was his suit which he carried along carefully, in readiness for his moment of revenge. It came sooner than he expected.

"Okay, you guys, get going!" shouted Corey. "We've closed down the merry-go-round early so the horses can be lacquered! They've got to be done and dry by noon tomorrow!"

The men worked fast and hard while Corey watched over them. When he went to his wagon, Fago went to his tent and put on the old suit and padded it well with pillows. He put his pistol in his pocket! Then when he saw Corey coming back to check on how the work was coming, he crept around the tents and confronted him.

"Fago," cried Corey as if he were seeing a ghost! "It c-can't be! You're dead!"

"Yes," said the former fat man quietly, "I'm dead because you killed me! You'll soon be dead, too!"

He fired and Corey fell. Fago ran to make a getaway, across the merry-go-round where he tripped and put his hand on the wet paint on a horse as he managed to regain his balance. In the confusion over Corey, he made a break, shed his disguise, and returned quickly to join the mob in a search for the murderer.

There was paint on his hand but that didn't matter because he was part of the painting crew. But what Fago forgot was that you can change everything but fingerprints. His were on the freshly lacquered horse on the merry-go-round. And a check of everyone who was with Corey's Carnival soon proved that the new roustabout was the guilty guy.

PICT-O-CRIME SOLUTION

Mrs. Graham said that her husband had been shot outside the house. He wore an overcoat and a scarf. But there was no bullet hole through his buttoned overcoat, only through his suit coat. Detective Alan Sykes knew then that the victim had been shot inside the house by his wife who had put the overcoat and scarf on him later. She finally confessed that she wanted to get rid of him to collect his insurance. It seemed like a perfect set-up except that she made one slight oversight!

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\$3.50

POLICE COMICS

A NEIGHBORHOOD COP FEELS THE PULSE OF THE AREA. HE PATROLS, GETS TO KNOW THE PEOPLE AND SHARES THEIR HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE! JIM FENLEY LOVED THE FOLKS ON FLYNN STREET AND AFTER WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CASE OF CHUCK RIGGS, THEY KNEW THAT A COP CAN INDEED BE...

A FRIEND IN NEED



JIM FENLEY WAS A FRIENDLY SORT! HE KNEW EVERYBODY ALONG THE LINE INCLUDING OLD MR. RIGGS, THE GREEN GROCER...

HELLO, JIM! GOT SOME NICE APPLES IN! WANT ONE?

YEAH, SURE! THANKS!



I SEE YOU HAVE A NEW ASSISTANT, MR. RIGGS!

CHUCK? HE HELPS ME A LOT! HE'S NOT LIKE THE OTHER LOAFERS AROUND HERE! MY BOY HAS AMBITION!



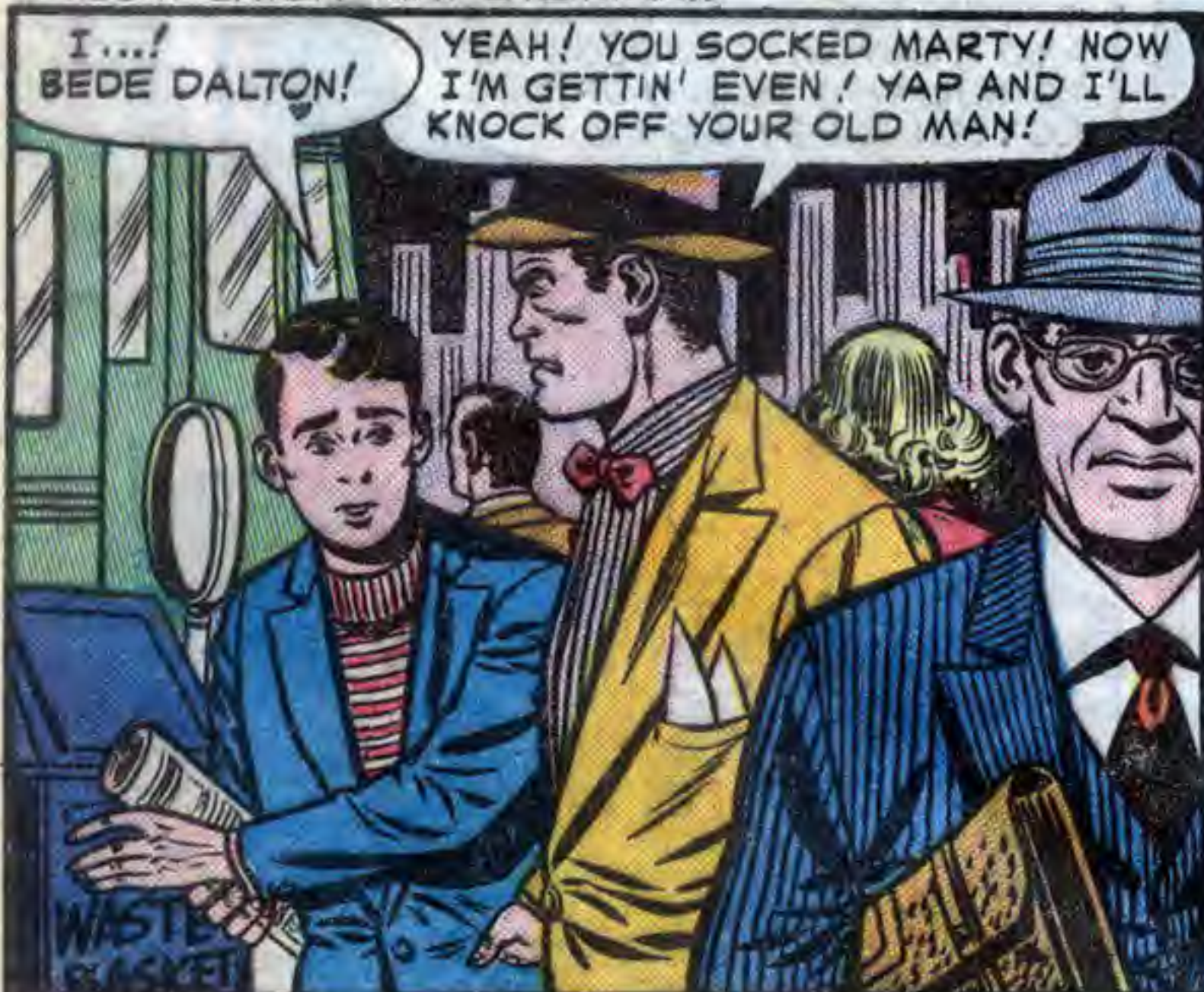
POLICE COMICS



T WAS AFTER JIM WENT OFF DUTY THAT DAY THAT CHUCK RIGGS GOT INTO A JAM...



CROOKS HAVE WAYS OF GETTING RID OF PEOPLE LIKE CHUCK! LATER THAT EVENING...



POLICE COMICS



THE NEXT DAY, AS JIM WALKED HIS BEAT...
OFFICER, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HELP ME! JIM, MY BOY CHUCK'S IN JAIL!

WHAT FOR?

PICKED UP LAST NIGHT WITH A PACKAGE OF DOPE ON HIM! ONLY I KNOW HE DON'T USE THE STUFF OR PEDdle IT EITHER!

HMM! POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS IS A PRETTY SERIOUS OFFENSE!

BUT HE SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW HE GOT IT! HE DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD IT! AND I BELIEVE HIM! CHUCK'S A GOOD BOY!

YES, HE IS! BUT EVEN GOOD BOYS CAN GO BAD!



NOT HIM! HE SAYS HE WAS FRAMED! IF I JUST HAD MORE MONEY...

WHAT ABOUT MONEY? WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH IT?

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR BAIL AND ALL I'VE GOT IS THREE! IF HE WAS OUT, HE COULD PROVE HIS INNOCENCE! I'D BET MY LIFE ON IT!

THAT'S A BIG STAKE, MR. RIGGS! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THE KID MYSELF BY MAKING UP THE OTHER TWO C'S! OKAY?



SO THROUGH THE KINDNESS OF A COP, CHUCK CAME HOME THAT DAY! AND AFTER JIM FENLEY WAS OFF DUTY...



COME ACROSS, CHUCK! WHERE'D YOU GET THE DOPE?

I DON'T KNOW! EVEN IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TELL! IT AIN'T HEALTHY TO SPILL AROUND HERE!



LOOK, KID I WENT PART OF YOUR BAIL BECAUSE I FIGURED MAYBE YOU WERE INNOCENT AND A GUY WITH ENOUGH GUTS TO HELP ME ROUND UP THIS ROTTEN RING! SO I'M WRONG, HUH?

YEAH! I GUESS YOU'RE WRONG!



MY MISTAKE! YOU SEE, A COP'S JOB IS JUST AS MUCH TO PROVE PEOPLE INNOCENT AS TO FIND THEM GUILTY! BUT I CAN'T DO IT BY MYSELF!

SO IF I SING, I GET A BULLET THROUGH MY HEAD! I'LL SETTLE FOR THE RAP!



YOU THINK I'M A HEEL BUT I COULDN'T GIVE YOU THE PITCH IN THERE! THEY'VE THREATENED TO BUMP HIM OFF IF I SQUAWK!

PROTECTING YOUR POP? THEN I GUESS YOU'RE NOT A BAD RISK AFTER ALL!



DON'T BE SEEN TALKING TO ME! MEET ME ON THE BRIDGE IN THIRTY MINUTES!

I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT! ONLY MAYBE YOU'D BE BETTER OFF TO LET ME ALONE!



WHEN CHUCK LEFT TO FOLLOW JIM...

SAW YOU TALKIN' TO A COP! WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM?

NOTHIN', BEDE! HE ASKED QUESTIONS BUT I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'!



SEE THAT YOU DON'T! ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOUR OLD MAN GOES TO THE MORGUE WHILE YOU SPEND TIME IN STIR! UNLESS YOU WANT TO JOIN UP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THERE'S A JERK IN OUR OUTFIT. I'D LIKE TO GET RID OF! I COULD CLEAR YOU BY PUTTIN' THE BLAME ON HIM!

THAT MIGHT BE BETTER THAN SERVIN' A STRETCH!

I'D SAY SO! THINK IT OVER AND LET ME KNOW!

I WILL! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE WAREHOUSE IN AN HOUR!



EVERYBODY KNOWS WHERE THEY HANG OUT ONLY IT TAKES COURAGE TO TELL THE COPS! HOW'LL I HANDLE JIM FENLEY?



I CAN'T TALK NOW! MEET ME IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN THE WILLOUGHBY WAREHOUSE! GO IN THE ALLEY DOOR! AND GO QUIETLY!

CHECK! I'LL BE THERE!

THE TIMING WAS ABOUT RIGHT, CHUCK THOUGHT! AT THE APPOINTED TIME...



WHAT'S THE WORD? WILLING TO PLAY BALL OR WOULD YOU RATHER PLAY SOLITAIRE IN A PRISON CELL?

THINK I'M NUTS? GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN!



MARTY AND I HANDLE THE DOPE TRAFFIC AROUND HERE! ONLY MARTY GOES OUT SOMETIMES TO MAKE NEW CONTACTS!

AND THAT'S WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO?



THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL SET YOU CLEAR WITH THE LAW AND GIVE UP A BIG SHARE OF THE TAKE! YOU'LL GET RICH!

CUT IT! A COP!



YOU BROUGHT HIM HERE!

I WAS GONNA TELL YOU, BEDE! HE'S WISE! WOULD WE WANT HIM WATCHIN' EVERY MOVE I MADE?



NOW! YOU DID RIGHT! YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD MAN LIKE I THOUGHT!

GOT HIM! GET ME A ROPE, BEDE, AND WE'LL TIE HIM UP!

POLICE COMICS



THAT'S THE WAY A COP ON THE BEAT BECAME A HERO! HE CAPTURED THE LEADERS OF A DOPE RING AND HE CLEARED AN INNOCENT BOY! AND LATER...



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- Pair of western-style Arm Cuffs.
- Two replica Six-Shooter Guns, resembling in model those used by all the best cowboy marksmen.
- A pair of attractively decorated Gun Holsters, designed wide and deep to provide ample room to hold six-shooter guns.
- Two beautifully-styled, full width Texas Ranger Chaps. (Cowgirl outfit has two-piece Texas Ranger skirt instead of the chaps.)
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BACK
VIEW

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This is just part of the equipment my students build. You keep all parts I send.

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on this modern radio you build with parts I send

As part of my Servicing Course, I send you the speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need to build this modern, powerful Radio Receiver! I also send parts to build many other Radio circuits. You use equipment for practical experience and to earn EXTRA money in spare time.

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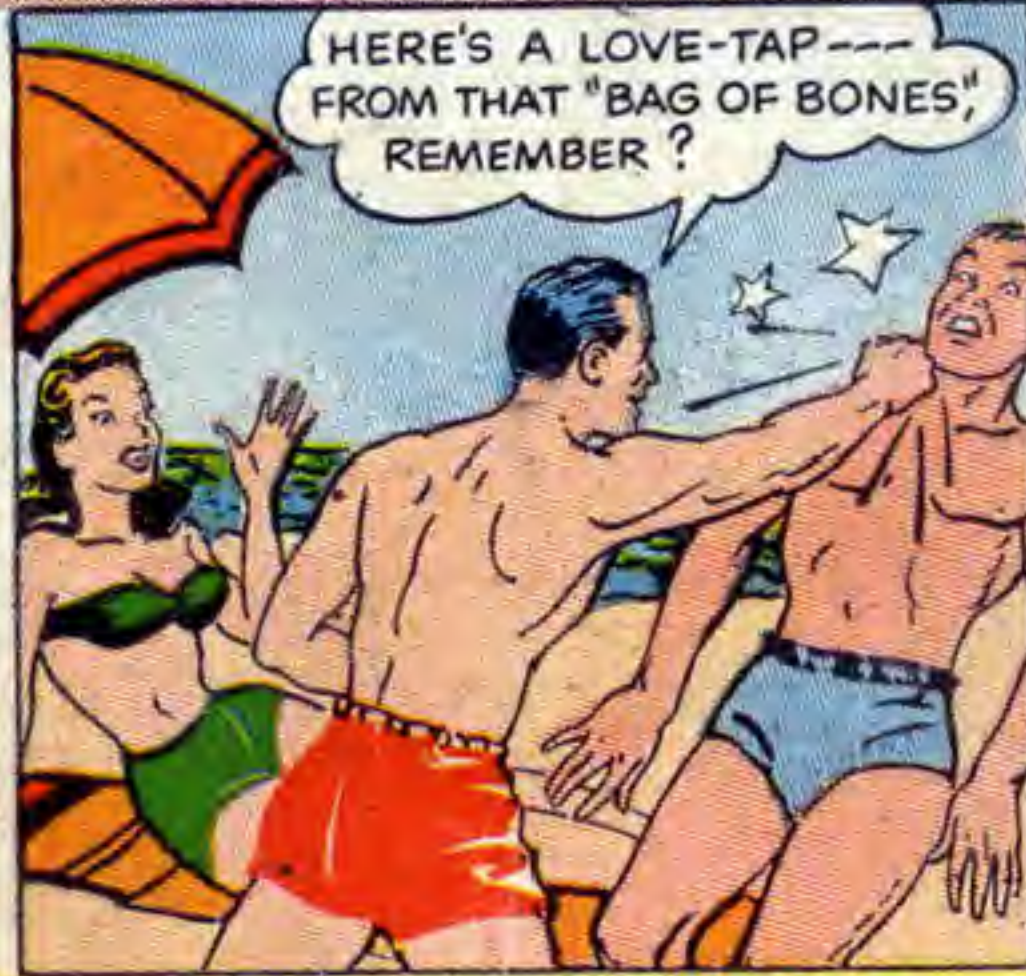
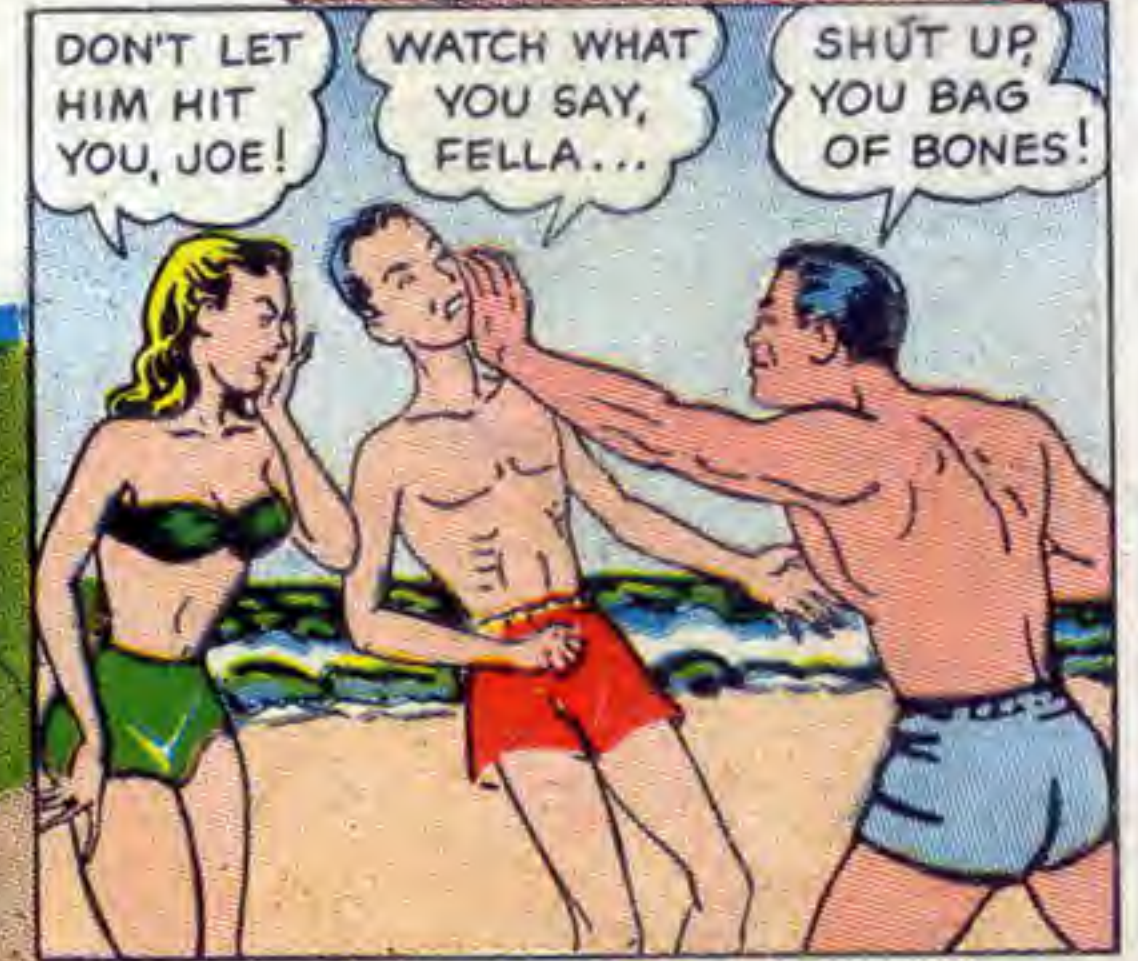
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The ABC's of SERVICING

How to Be a Success in RADIO-TELEVISION



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A woman dressed as Wonder Woman is dancing with a man in a red velvet suit. The woman is wearing a red and gold corset, blue shorts with white stars, and a gold tiara. She has her arms raised and is smiling. The man is wearing a red velvet suit and has a speech bubble above his head that says "IonScan!". They are in a room with a checkered floor and other people in the background.

IonScan!